

Daily Eagle

H. M. HURLOCK, Editor.

Will be a Famous Trial.

For some unaccountable reason the reading public have become greatly interested, if not, indeed, exercised, over the Roland Molineux trial, who is under arrest for the murder of Mrs. Adams, incidentally, by poison sent through the mails, which poison, as supposed, was for another. The evidence upon which he is held is the handwriting of the directions on the box which contained the poison. As yet there is no other evidence save the testimony of a questionable character who identifies Molineux as the person who rented a certain private letter-box, which evidence he had tried to sell to supposed interested parties. In short, the deaths from the poison were not sensational, only as the newspapers have rendered them such. There is nothing but the testimony of writing experts pointing to the guilt of young Molineux, who besides being rich has a beautiful young wife mixed up in the affair. Without strong supporting testimony, it is doubtful if any jury would hang a man on the testimony of experts on handwriting. Still the interest is great in the country at large and almost intense in club circles in New York. It is said that to those who are not experts in detecting betraying peculiarities of chirography, there is no similarity between the ordinary handwriting of Molineux and the address on the package containing the bottle of poison sent to Cornish and administered to Mrs. Adams through mistake.

Uncle Sam's Rapid Fire Navy.

By 1902 the United States is to boast one of the most powerful navies in the world, a navy which is to be swift in its speed and terrific in the destructiveness of its rapid-fire guns. By the time mentioned there will be twelve first class battleships afloat, the equal, if not the superior, of the same number of any power. Four of these are now in service—the Oregon, the Indiana, the Iowa and the Massachusetts; the other eight are in course of construction and in different degrees of completion. Every one of the eight is more powerful than the gallant ship, the Oregon, the pride of the navy. Of these the Kearsarge and the Kentucky are nearing completion and will be in service in several months. The great improvement in these ships is a reduction in the strength of the main, and an increase in the strength of the intermediate batteries. It is believed that the Alabama, the Illinois and the Wisconsin will also be in commission by the end of the year. They are believed to be the most powerful ships in the navy. In them the eight-inch guns have been displaced by a powerful set of rapid-fire six-inch guns, fourteen on each ship. These five ships are each ten per cent bigger than the Oregon.

The Maine, the Ohio and the Missouri will not be completed until 1902. They represent a tonnage ten per cent greater than those of the Alabama type, and it is believed that their effectiveness is 100 per cent greater than the Oregon. In other words, the Ohio should be able to hold her own with two Oregons. The increasing development of the rapid-fire element is shown in them to a greater degree. They will be of greater speed than any of our battleships, the contracts calling for 18 knots instead of 16 knots, as heretofore.

Worship God as You Will.

This is an age of sleepless inquiry, and consequently of innumerable doubts touching God, man, life and immortality. The protoplasm or molecule as a fact, and evolution as a theory, have set adrift a large per cent of mankind. Old anchors have been weighed or are dragging. Church organizations and ecclesiastical officials have become more liberal. The Pope's late encyclical letter is a propheet and marked instance. There is everywhere, especially in this country, a demand for religious liberty which cannot be much longer denied. The right to worship God according to the conscience of the individual is a fundamental principle of this government which is at last gaining universal recognition and assent. Some people are accustomed to sound the praises of religious liberty who only seek religious liberty for themselves and would deny it to others not of their particular way of thinking. Such will probably oppose the movement now on foot to secure protection, not only to the Jew, but to the various church organizations who "keep Saturday" instead of Sunday, as their holy day, against annoyances and petty persecutions, which would not be practicable were their conditions regarding the Sabbath fully respected, as they ought to be in a free country like ours.

Religious liberty is the right of every American citizen—the right of the "Sabbath keeper," the Moslem and the Agnostic, as well as that of the propagandist of any form in the lengthening list of denominational peculiarities. All may claim it, but no one religious body or any "combine" of such bodies are entitled in the least to monopolize it. Religious liberty means the right of the few as well as the right of the many.

The Cubans a Queer Lot.

The Cubans are a queer lot. So, also, might we suggest are the Filipinos. These people are at least queer, considered or viewed from our practical American standpoint. The Cubans' treatment of Gomez is inexpressible. What had he done more than give them the best portion of his life? Yet his commission is taken from him in the consummation of an act which was bringing three millions of gold to that forsaken people.

But this is not all. Although American rule has done more for the province of Santiago de Cuba than the Cubans could have done for it in a dozen centuries, the residents are up in arms against the local authorities appointed by the United States. Cession of public works carried on by the paternal dictatorship exercised by this country has thrown large numbers of the people upon the poor fund and, as neither Cubans nor Spaniards care to contribute to it, there is an immediate prospect of a famine.

Throughout the entire province of Santiago de Cuba this condition exists. Colonel Wood has notified the government that in the town of Holguin it has become necessary to issue rations for the relief of the destitute and the hungry. The Cubans cannot understand why the United States does not continue furnishing them with the means of a livelihood. They are greatly enraged at what they term the false economy of the authorities of the United States.

The American public is beginning to wonder when the destitute Cubans will become able to feed themselves. They have had considerable time in which to become self-supporting, but they have not displayed a satisfactory inclination to begin work for themselves. It is time that they learned that they cannot much longer rely upon the bounty of the United States for their support.

A Forest Preceded the Prairie.

Chicago is new, but its site wants not for age. The records of Fort Dearborn is ancient history in one sense, yet Dearborn lived but yesterday. Before the prairie, upon which Chicago is located, there was a great oak forest, the leaves of the trees of which fluttered in the gentle winds of the lakes before Eden was. White oak logs that have been buried under the site of Chicago for seven thousand years have just been put to use, says the Interior Office of that city. Prof. Ossian Guitrie, the Chicago geologist, who has studied the local strata and helped to unearth the remnants of these pre-historic trees, has just come into possession of two toilet brushes made from them. This ancient oak that has surprised the manufacturer of imitation "manique" woods by the wonderful polish and color of which the genuine antique oak is capable. No previous woods that have ever been imported into Chicago are so marvellously beautiful as these specimens with which Prof. Guitrie has just been presented. Most of these pre-historic logs have been recovered from the seven thousand year old graves to be divided up among the museums and universities of the country. Walnut,

willow, beech and most of the modern native woods have been dug up under these glacial deposits and alluvium of seventy centuries, but the white oak, the same tree evidently that flourishes in the parks today, has been preserved best of all.

A South African Exhibition.

Grahamstown, South Africa, has been having a modern, up-to-date exposition, many of the novelties shown being every-day sights to their antipodean American friends. Among the American novelties are phonographs, cash registers, typewriters, clothes-pins, churns and similar articles. Another unique exhibit, and one that would command attention in this country, is an artificial "jungle." This represents a Batafela jungle, with specimens of the fauna of the country set up in realistic positions.

Rhodesian products consist principally of gold ores and hard woods. Also native axes, musical instruments, tools, war shields, assegais, witch doctors' tools and whistles, bows and arrows, etc.

Another preservative wrinkle that may be of value to housekeepers when the warm weather sets in is for the preservation of eggs. They are dipped in a solution formed of one ounce of iodine of calcium and one gallon of water, the eggs are dipped in the solution and allowed to dry, but they show no coating or discoloration. By this simple treatment they may be kept sweet and clean for six months, and if placed in lime and salt, in equal proportions, this period may be extended for a year.

Examples of native-tanned leather shown at Grahamstown are interesting. Fat is first rubbed on the skins and then forced in with the bare feet, the process being repeated until the leather is soft and pliable. This method recalls that employed in the curing of costly fur skins employed by London furriers.

What It Costs per Hour.

It takes a vast amount of money to pay the ordinary daily expenses of any of the first class powers of the world. Some of the newspapers of the country have of late been protesting or finding fault over the cost of the war with Spain. Unquestionably, in the progress of civilization nations, like individuals, grow more expensive. An ingenious statistician has figured out the cost of an hour of government since the beginning of the century. In France the figures show an alarming tendency to increase. Under Napoleon an hour of government cost 115,000 francs; under Louis Philippe, 150,000; under the second republic, 165,000; under Napoleon III., 249,000; from 1870 to 1880, 307,000, on account of the raising of the average by the cost of the war with Germany; but from 1880 to 1889 the cost was 403,000 francs an hour. A French paper remarks that this seems to prove the undesirability of paying a government by the hour or by the day; payment by the piece, according to the work done, is the only way.

Billy's Bid for Friendship.

German newspapers assert that the cablegram sent by their emperor was a bid for pleasant relations between this country and theirs. Mr. Kipling is an American and the emperor thought that the people of the United States would appreciate the courtesy shown her. If the emperor figured it out on those lines he was correct. Certainly his stock in this country went up at least 100 per cent when it was learned that he had cabled Mrs. Kipling concerning the condition of her famous husband.

Delaware's New Federal Judge.

Senator Gray of Delaware is regarded by his colleagues as an encyclopedia of general information, especially in supreme court decisions and parliamentary and criminal law. He is known as the prompter of the senate because of the frequency with which he comes to the aid of his colleagues, who, while speaking, find themselves on uncertain ground as to a date, figure or a legal point. He and Frye are great cronies.

Agoncillo, the Unlucky Filipino.

Agoncillo has telegraphed the agent of the Filipinos in London that he lost everything in the recent shipwreck. If luck pursues this intriguing Filipino. Unless he has better fortune in the near future, he will lose his life. It is possible that he may get into trouble with the United States through leaving a war against this country. In that case he will have a summary treatment in the event of his return to American soil.

No Longer Their Promised Land.

According to the most recent statistics given by M. Leon Zolotoff, in an article on "Jewism," the Jewish population in Palestine figures with a little over 50,000. In Jerusalem, he says, there are 23,241; in Safed, 6,820; in Tiberias, 3,300; in Hebron, 1,429. The rest, distributed in other localities, with 4,350 colonists and 70 hired Jewish laborers, makes a total of 50,219 Hebrew residents in the Holy Land.

Our generals at Havana may manipulate it so that in order to save Cuba from Gomez the assembly will be in favor of annexation, and Gomez in order to save Cuba from the assembly will favor annexation. Destiny, my lads, destiny.

Rudyard Kipling will not go to Mexico upon recovery, but will return to England. His almost fatal sickness will make his next work worth thousands more than it would otherwise have brought.

Miss Arnold, the St. Louis girl who kissed the ground out from under Hobson's reputation, has married her Texas sweetheart. She may "make" her husband, but she unmade Hobson.

War is strange. The United States has just become acquainted with the fact that Admiral Villami once lived, by happening to find his bones near one of its battle-fields.

Luzon is larger than Cuba and our army has a big job cut out for itself. About the only Filipinos we can convince that we are decent are the ones we make prisoners.

When Greek meets Greek it is bad enough, but when Cuba inuerges against Cuba then comes the tug of mouth.

Uncle Sam should pay no attention to that assembly. He should go ahead and grab-slake Gomez for three million.

So far as the Filipinos are concerned, we simply seem to have bought Spain's mission at a good round figure.

The investigating committee is probably affecting the aggregate consumption of meat all over the country.

We certainly have Manila, but you will notice that the wives of the officers are going over to Hong Kong.

Spain is chuckling and the first time we send some Cuban "general" to jail for vagrancy Spain will guffaw.

While the United States may not be much of a conqueror, it is not stuff as an occupier, as Cuba will learn.

Gomez has said a sad farewell to the Cuban army and assembly. But Gomez will not go.

The trouble with the half-devil and half-child is that he doesn't know when he is licked.

Think of it. The police are protecting the Cuban army from a mob.

Nurse Quimby's Renunciation.

"Is Miss Quimby off duty tonight, Mrs. Preston?" hurriedly questioned Dr. Attwood of the head mistress, as he paused at the foot of the corridor.

"Yes, after six."

"I shall need her tonight, then. I am sorry, but it can't be helped. It is so sickly that a good nurse cannot easily be secured. Tell her to be at the main office down-stairs at seven, and I will call for her," and without further words he hurried down the stairs and out through the great green swinging doors of the hospital into the street.

"Miss Quimby," said the matron a few minutes later, to a tall, slender, dark-eyed girl in nurse's garb, as she came from one of the wards with a bunch of towels over her arm and a cup in her hand. Dr. Attwood has just told me that he will need you tonight. He wants you to be at the main office down-stairs at seven, and he will call."

"Very well."

Miss Quimby was the daughter of parents that had once been wealthy, but her father, like so many men, in endeavoring to gain by speculation, lost everything—their beautiful home and their place in society. Her father's ruin was due to whom the humiliation was far worse than the mere poverty, did not survive the fearful strain laid upon him, and in less than two months died, leaving Isabel and her mother nearly penniless.

Then the young girl, putting pride and all its accompanying sensitiveness in her pocket, entered the St. Albans Hospital, where she had been placed by her mother. The tall, beautiful girl in her dark dress with white apron and cap, and her rich, heavy hair coiled about her shapely head, and her beautiful face so earnest and so full of life, was a tonic to those she was called to nurse.

Before her father's failure she was engaged to Hale Attwood, a young rising doctor, successful and popular, and connected with the St. Albans Hospital, but it had been a hard struggle with him, for he was poor—that is, in comparison with her father's wealth. After the crash was over, and she found that he intended her to keep her promise to him, she told him one night, as they stood in the parlor of the poor little suite of rooms she and her mother had hired, that she could not marry him, for in doing so she would be putting out more obstacles in his path to fame, since the wealth she had intended should help him was gone. She felt it her duty to break the engagement. In vain did he plead and remonstrate. She was firm, and nothing that he could say could in anywise change her mind.

There has been one more such scene when she entered the hospital, with the same result. Then he got gray with age, and they began to pass each other on the steps or in the long corridors with mercy's nod, and in time the meager civility was away, and he appeared to recognize her no more than one of the other nurses.

It had been sickly, the wards were full, and doctors and nurses were catching bits of mischief over their heads or at any convenient time. Isabel had been but one night off during the week, and all day she had been looking forward to six o'clock, when she would be free to go home for one night's rest, but now this summons had come, and from him.

Promptly at 7 she opened the office door. He was waiting for her. Without a word he turned, and a civil salutation they passed out through the doors and down the steps. Silently he helped her into the sleigh and took his seat by her side. Not till they were well out of the central portion of the city and making their way toward the suburbs did he speak. He told her the case itself—that he wished to be done, and about the medicines. After that he relaxed into silence again. It was not till they had reached the quiet place that he spoke. He told her that he had placed her in a harder position—beside the man she loved with all her soul and being, and yet to whom, by her own mandate, she could not speak one word of the love that was in her heart. He told her she believed she had never seen him so cool and self-possessed before. Once as they passed a street lamp she had glanced at his face, straight against the light, and it had been deep in thought. At last she uttered a remark.

"Where did you say this patient lives?"

There was a long silence, and she began to think he had not heard her, and was about to repeat the question, when suddenly he turned and looked full at her, so near that she could feel his breath. He felt a hot flush spreading over her face.

"I did not say," he said, slowly, turning back to his horse. "I did not say I—O, Isabel, I have brought you out here tonight that I may place you just once more. There is no patient except myself, and no medicine on this earth can cure me but you, dear."

For a moment the girl felt herself going mad, but she resolved to resist, yet she made one desperate attempt at a rally.

"How dare you bring me out here on such a pretense, Dr. Attwood?"

"Isabel," he whispered, "his arms were around her; 'Isabel, I want you to say you love me.'"

Her poor, tired head sank upon his shoulder, and their lips, after long months of separation, met.

"Yes, I love you, Hale," she murmured, and the sleepy old horse napped it, too, for he had a chance for a little nap—Boston Post.

One Way of Doing It.

"Jones is an inveterate joker," said Brown. "That is why I sent the life insurance agent who was pestering the life out of me to see Jones. I told the agent that Jones had been talking for some time of getting his life insured for a good round sum."

"Later in the day I chanced to meet the agent on the street, and halting me, he said, 'enquiringly, 'What do you mean? You made me feel like a fool approaching a man to insure his life when he hasn't three days to live. I actually hurried away for fear he would die while I was there. The next time that you feel like being funny place your wicked joke somewhere else than inside a graveyard.'"

"I had not seen Jones for some time, and was not even aware that he was sick, so I hurried down to his office to see what the matter was."

"I found Jones in his usual health, so far as I could see, but before I could demand an explanation another life insurance agent entered the office and turning to Jones began to ask him questions."

"But before he could say a dozen words Jones was seized with a terrible fit of coughing that caused the agent to stand aghast."

"My dear fellow," said Jones between spasms, "I'm awfully glad you've come. I have just made up my mind to get insured for \$25,000, so make out the papers as soon as you can."

"But the agent was already half way to the door, having mumbled something about another engagement and that he would call again."

"The only way you can get rid of them," said Jones, coming back to the normal. "Besides it is good practice for the consumptive character that I am going to take in the private theatricals next week."

A Married Man's Version.

"What is fiction, pa?"

"Any story that says 'they married and lived happily ever after.'"

Outlines of Oklahoma.

It is now against the law to sow wild oats or Johnson grass in Oklahoma. It is reported that Dennis Flynn has made another purchase of real estate at Oklahoma City.

Gerontius says he is incorrectly quoted when it is alleged that he sympathizes with Aguinaldo.

Jerre Johnson of Kildare calls a halt to his paper on the honkytonk habit among politicians.

Mrs. Cunningham, whose home was near Ponca City, died the other night while kneeling in prayer.

It ought to be into the heads of all who are anti-barber that by this time that Barnes doesn't scare very easily.

The Ponca City Courier has turned against Oklahoma City, having joined with the Newkirk Republican-Journal.

The next election can be attended by any voter without taking a dictionary and atlas along, thanks to the last legislature.

Roy Hoffman has quit the army forever. He knows there is no place like home and is building him one at Chandler.

It is reported that Hermann Dittmer, who has a claim in Dewey county, but who is soldiering at Manila, has been killed.

Belamy had a law passed through the legislature prohibiting the sale of the medical bean to Indians. It will be sold just the same.

The woman suffrage advocates at Guthrie contend that they will go on with their agitation and will catch the next legislature. That is a long way off.

Jim Wilkins of Norman recently, while hunting, slipped up on the blind side of a wild goose and cut its throat with a razor. He has the razor and can prove it.

The supreme court of the United States has let County Clerk Coffey of Oklahoma City out of jail on a \$2,000 supersedeas bond. He has been in jail since December 6.

The Ponca City Courier says that Norman, with an insane asylum and a territorial university, should stop misty low in the fight for locating territorial institutions.

Senator Thacker and J. M. Davis of Guthrie during the legislature roomed together. Thacker heard that Davis was claiming he could vote him, and wanted to lick him.

A Newkirk coal firm used a big hunk of coal for an advertisement and recently some one came along and carried it away. And yet some people will contend that people pay no attention to advertisements.

John Scott lives out in Beaver county. One day last week his baby took sick. He rode 45 miles for Dr. Russell and found that that individual was not at home, but 30 miles further on. He kept on riding and got the doctor.

It is related that just before R. W. Patterson of Enid was killed, he stepped into a cigar store and called for a box of cigars on which was stamped "Enid cigars." Patterson put his finger over the "I" in the word Enid and said: "You see what Enid would come to if 'I' should be taken out of it."

Two years ago W. J. Kendall married Belle McCoy at Guthrie. They disagreed and Mrs. Kendall got alimony and her maiden name. Later she married a man named Blane. It is said that he was in a conspiracy with Kendall. He sold his wife's property, pocketed the proceeds and he and Mrs. Kendall are supposed to be on their way to Cuba.

Oklahoma City Times-Journal: Mr. Wm. Bush, who several months ago went to Honduras to investigate the gold prospects, writes to his wife in this city that there is plenty of gold there. He has taken claims and will remain there for some time. He says it is folly to go there without money and expect to make a fortune without the expenditure of any capital. Money is as necessary there as anywhere else. There are no American colonies there at work. The climate is delightful and vegetables of all kinds do well. It is at all events a better place to go to than the Klondike country, and the chances of getting gold fully as good.

Along the Kansas Nile.

When Lowell was governor he was bald-headed, since then he has grown a fine head of hair. Or, it may be a wig.

It is to be hoped that the new court of visitation will root out the Russian thistle in Kansas. Visitate thistle.

Lit Crum and Posthwaite are certain to be on the court of visitation. That seems to be settled.

The Land crowd at Topeka is still wondering how Spencer ever succeeded in getting appointed coal oil inspector.

Jim Simpson, like truth, is mighty and is liable to prevail. At Topeka it is considered certain that he will be a visitator.

The new superintendent of public instruction seems to have retired behind the curtain of his own hair and to seduction.

Mary Choteau, widow of Pierre Choteau, the trader at Turner, Johnson county, Kansas, in early days, is dead at Kansas City.

C. H. Ridgeway of Ottawa, who is to be the assistant superintendent of insurance, is dangerously ill with spinal meningitis.

The discharge of Webb McKell was gracefully done. He had to be discharged, and it relieved him, to waste so much good ink about it.

Knocking is growing in Kansas as a fine art. Psychologists are considering knocking is a mental protest against the brutality of success.

Kansas may never have another boom, but it will never drop its boom phrase. Real estate is Kansas' money, transferred, it always "changes hands."

Miss Eleanor Smith of Hutchinson, a United States army nurse in Cuba, says the nurses prefer to wait upon regulars, as the volunteers are filthy and fractious.

A number of young women have filed on claims in Wichita county. Ten years ago this was a sad among young women. During the hard times it did out. It is coming again.

Simon Skovgaard has sold his interest in the Greenleaf Citizen. He is the only man in Kansas running a paper who might have discovered America four hundred years before Columbus without surprise.

Church is now superintendent of insurance. More men of force of character have occupied this post than any other place in Kansas, and of all Stanley's appointees Church has the hardest job on his hands.

The post campaign will have for one of its principal levers the work of the court of visitation. The Populists had the courage to pass a law for the Populists.

J. W. Hammond has been appointed superintendent of the asylum at Olathe. Merrill brought Hammond from Illinois and appointed him to this place. The Populists, however, had him at once called for Missouri. Now the State Board of Charities has brought him back from Missouri. He must be a valuable man.

Lawrence Journal: The Pops are taking it very hard because Governor Stanley went to Wichita to try a case in the United States court. But really, the Pops do not love Governor Stanley, with such an evident love that they cannot bear to have him out of their sight for two days. They are just trying to flatter him.

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See our Article New Catalogue.

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